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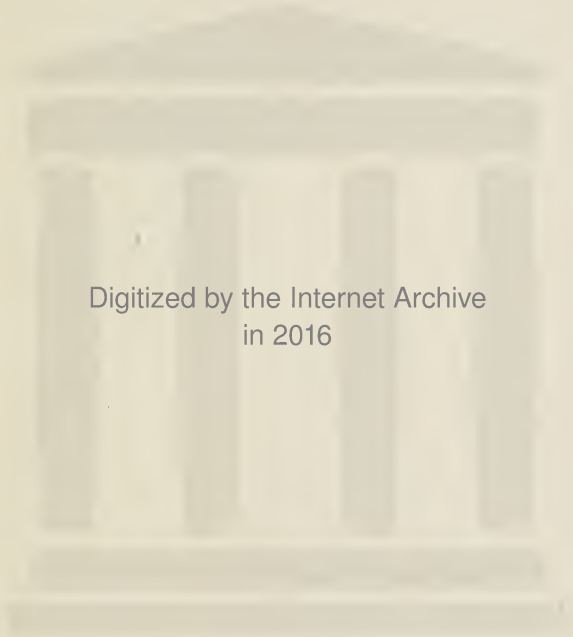
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ALEXANDRA  
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS  
BEYOND THE SEAS

THE ALEXANDRA READERS

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# FIRST READER

BY

W. A. MCINTYRE, B.A., LL.D.

PRINCIPAL, NORMAL SCHOOL, WINNIPEG

AND

JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

AUTHORIZED BY THE DEPARTMENTS OF EDUCATION

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1908

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# FIRST READER

## MORNING HYMN

Father, we thank Thee for the light,  
And for the blessings of the night;  
For rest and food, and loving care,  
And all that makes the world so fair.

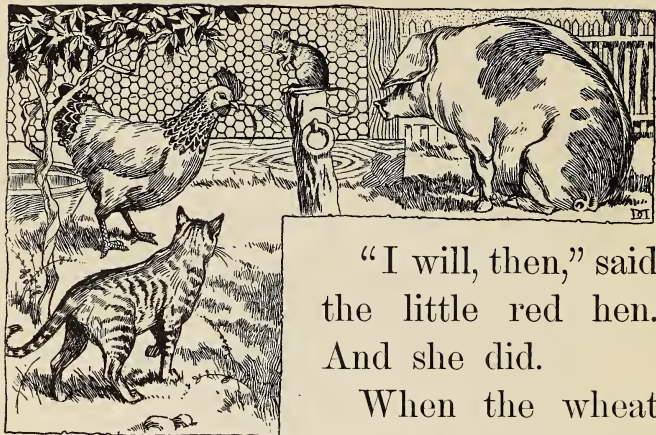
Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do, in work or play,  
To grow more loving every day.

---

## THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen found a grain of wheat, and she asked, "Who will plant this grain of wheat?"

The rat said, "I'll not." The cat said, "I'll not." The pig said, "I'll not."



“I will, then,” said the little red hen. And she did.

When the wheat was ripe, she said, “Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground into flour?” The rat said, “I’ll not.” The cat said, “I’ll not.” The pig said, “I’ll not.”

The little red hen said, “I will, then.” And she did.

When the wheat was ground into flour, she asked, “Who will make this flour into bread?”

The rat said, “I’ll not.” The cat

said, "I'll not," and the pig said, "I'll not."

"I will, then," said the little red hen.  
And she did.

When the bread was made, the little red hen said, "Who will eat this bread?"

"I will," said the rat. "I will," said the cat. "I will," said the pig.

But the little red hen said, "No, you will not, for I am going to eat it myself."  
And she did.

---

### PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone.

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years;

Let it wipe another's tears;

Till in heaven the deed appears.

Pass it on.

## THE DOG IN THE MANGER

One day a cross dog went into a barn and lay down in a manger.

Soon an ox came into the barn. He had been at work and was hungry.

He wanted the hay in the manger, but the cross dog would not let him come near it.

“Do you want that hay?” asked the ox.

“No, I don’t eat hay,” said the dog.

“How selfish you are!” said the ox.  
“You cannot eat the hay, and you will not let me eat it.”

---

THE CLOUDS

White clouds, white clouds in the blue sky,  
When the wind blows, you go floating by.

When the wind stops, you all stand still,  
Like pretty white sheep, on a blue hill.



## THE LITTLE ROSE-BUSH

Good-morrow, little rose-bush !

I pray thee, tell me true,  
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,  
What must a body do ?

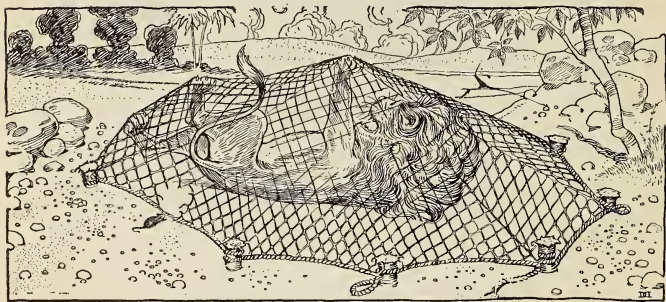
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,  
A little girl like you  
Just grows and grows and grows and grows,  
And that's what she must do.

— JOEL STACY.

## THE MOUSE AND THE LION

One warm day a great lion lay asleep near his den.

A little mouse played near by.



At last he ran over the lion's paw, and the lion caught him.

"Do not harm me, Mr. Lion," the mouse said. "Let me go now and sometime I may be of help to you."

The old lion laughed. "How can such a little thing ever be of any help to me?" he said.



But he set the little mouse free.

Not long after this some men caught the lion.

They tied him with strong ropes and then went away for a while.

When the lion found that he was tied fast, he roared and roared.

The little mouse heard him and ran to him.

When he saw how the lion was caught, he began to gnaw the ropes.

At last he set the lion free.

“Once you laughed at me,” he said.  
“Now you see a little mouse may help a great lion, after all.”

---

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again.

## LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

---

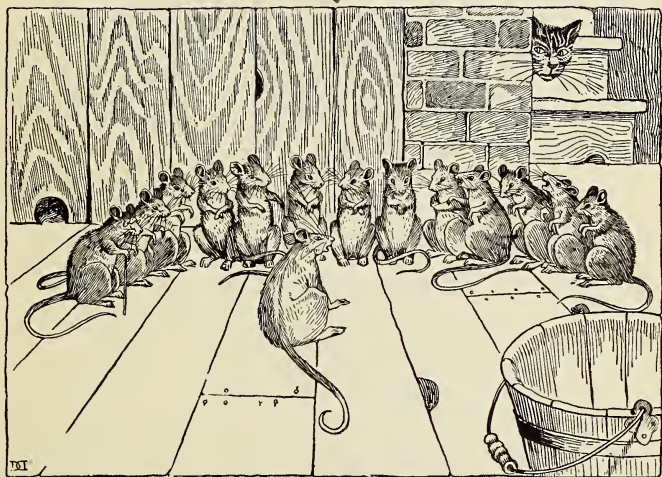
## BELL THE CAT

The mice all sat in a row. They were talking about the cat. They wished to get rid of her. She kept them always in a state of fear.

They talked for an hour, but not a mouse had a plan that would do.

At last a very young mouse said: "If we cannot kill the cat, perhaps we can

get out of her way when she is coming. If we tie a bell around her neck, the sound will tell us when she is near.



Then we can run to our holes and be safe."

"That is a clever plan," said most of the mice. "It is better than killing the cat. It will be fun to see her get angry when the bell rings."

An old mouse that had said nothing now spoke. "Yes, indeed, that is a clever plan. Now, who will tie the bell around the cat's neck?"

Then all the little mice began to look sad, for not one of them would dare to go near the old cat.

"Perhaps you had better think of some other plan," said the old mouse. Then the meeting broke up.

---

### THE DANDELION



There was a pretty dandelion,  
With lovely, fluffy hair,  
That glistened in the sunshine  
And in the summer air.

But oh ! this pretty dandelion  
Soon grew quite old and gray ;  
And, sad to tell, her charming hair  
Blew many miles away.

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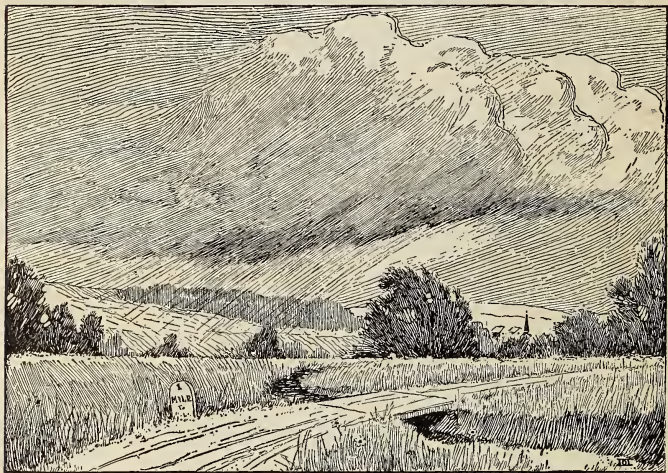
## THE LITTLE RAINDROPS

For a long, long time there had been no rain. The grass was dry and brown, the roads were dusty, and the flowers of the garden seemed ready to die from heat and thirst.

A little raindrop looked down from the cloud, and grew sad and heavy to see how much work was to be done. "Dear me ! Dear me !" she said, "I can surely do no good by falling on that dusty road."

"That is quite true," said another raindrop. "One would only get lost on such a day as this."

“Then let us stay where we are,” said three or four drops together. “It is much more pleasant sailing around here than lying in those hot fields.”



“What is the matter?” said the mother-cloud. “Of course you are going down to gladden the flowers. One of you can do but very little, but all together you can be of great use.”





From painting by Landseer

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE



Then the thunder rolled across the sky, and the little drops started off together on their long race to the ground.

“Not so fast! not so fast!” said the mother-cloud. “The first drops must fall softly and gently. Then the rest may follow in a great shower.”

“Did you feel that?” said the drooping lily to the rose. “I am sure I felt a raindrop. Yes, and there is another, and another. Cheer up, my pretty sister, we are going to get a drink after all.”

The little plants bent their heads so that the warm rain might get down to their roots. How cool and fresh it was when the dust was all washed away! How glad the little rootlets were to drink in the rain and send it up to the pretty flowers!

When the rain had passed, the sun came out from behind the cloud. The flowers all came out and smiled. The grass, now that it was washed, began to show its little blades of green. The birds began to sing in the tree-tops. Tom came out with his little sister Nell to paddle in the water, which was running down the ditches. Everybody and everything seemed so very, very happy.

Then one of the raindrops at the foot of the rose-bush said to its neighbors: "Our mother was right after all. One of us alone could do very little, but all of us together have been of great use. I am so much happier now when the sweet red rose is smiling at me."

---

Little and often fills the purse.

## THE RAINBOW

Two little clouds one summer's day  
Went flying through the sky ;  
They went so fast they bumped their heads,  
And both began to cry.  
Old Father Sun looked out, and said :  
“ Oh ! never mind, my dears,  
I'll send my little fairy folk  
To dry your falling tears.”  
One fairy came in violet,  
And one in indigo ;  
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red —  
They made a pretty row.  
They wiped the cloud-tears all away,  
And then, from out the sky,  
Upon a line the sunbeams made,  
They hung their gowns to dry.

— LIZZIE HADLEY.

---

## NO TIME FOR PLAY

One bright morning, a small boy who  
did not like to go to school ran away.

“How pretty the trees look!” he said. “How sweetly the birds sing! How cool it is down by the brook!”

He saw a bee buzzing from flower to flower. “Come and play with me,” said the boy. “Let us try a race across the field.” But the bee said: “No, indeed! No, indeed! I have honey to gather for winter, and I must lose no time. I cannot play with you.”

Then the boy saw a dog. “Doggie, will you play with me? I can throw sticks, and you can find them.” But the dog said: “No, my boy! I must watch the cattle or they will get into the grain. I cannot play with you to-day.”

Then a bird flew by. “Little robin! Little robin! come and play with me! Do not be in such a hurry. Come and



play.” But the robin hurried on to her nest, for the four little ones were waiting for their food.

Then the boy saw a pony. “Surely, you will play with me, little pony! Never mind your work for a little. Come and play.” But the pony said, “No! No! I must take little baby Mary for a drive. I have no time for play.”

“O dear! O dear!” said the lazy little fellow. “I think I must go to school and work, too. A boy cannot play alone.”

---

Work while you work,  
Play while you play,  
That is the way  
To be happy and gay.

---

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.



### THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high,  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all —  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (By permission.)

---

## KING SOLOMON AND THE BEE

Long, long ago there lived a King called Solomon. He was so wise that people came from all parts of the earth to visit him. If there was a quarrel, he knew how to settle it; if there was anything lost, he knew where to find it; if there was any riddle, he could solve it.

One day a beautiful lady drove up to his castle. She was very wealthy, for she was a Queen. She brought



flowers looked exactly alike. "Choose now, O King!" she said. "Tell me by looking at them which is the real flower, and which flower is made of wax."

For a long time the King looked at the flowers, but one seemed to be as perfect as the other. At last he said, "We shall take the flowers to the garden."

In the garden the bees were flying around seeking for honey. They came to the two flowers, but not one of them entered the one made from wax.

"Now, O Queen!" he said, "I can tell you which is the real flower. My eyes cannot tell, but the bees always go where the honey is."

---

Wisdom is better than rubies ;

He that never thinks, never can be wise.

## THE BIRD'S SONG

Listen, my boy; I've a word for you;  
And this is the word: Be true! be true!  
At work or at play, in darkness or light,  
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl; I've a word for you;  
'Tis the very same word: Be true! be true!  
For the truth is the sun, and falsehood the night!  
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

---

## THE BOY WHO CRIED "WOLF!"

Once a little boy was sent to take care of a large flock of sheep.

His father said: "If a wolf comes to the pasture, you must cry, 'Wolf! wolf!' Then the men who are working in the field will come and drive him away."

For many days no wolf came.

One day the little boy thought he



would have some fun. So he cried to the men, "Wolf! wolf!"



"Where? where?" cried the men as they ran to the pasture.

The boy laughed, and said, "There is no wolf. I called to you only for fun."

The men went back to their work. They did not like the boy's fun.

Two or three times the boy called the men to the pasture. Each time the men ran to drive away the wolf, and found no wolf there.

At last one day a wolf came to the pasture. "Help! help! a wolf! a wolf!" cried the boy.

This time the men did not run to help him. They said, "He is in fun."

The wolf killed one of the sheep and took part of it to his den.

The boy never called to the men in fun again.

---

Speak the truth and speak it ever,  
Cost it what it will.  
He who hides the wrong he did,  
Does the wrong thing still.





## THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue ?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do !  
Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all  
Over the countryside —  
Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown —  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down !

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (By permission.)

## AUTUMN

The flowers in the garden are fading. The trees have put on their autumn dresses of yellow, red, and brown.



Mary sits on the hillside. She has been picking the yellow autumn flowers. See what a pretty wreath she has made! Do you know what flowers she has found?

A squirrel is running up and down

the trunk of the beech tree. He is finding nuts to carry to his home. He seems to say: "I have no time to pick flowers. I must get food for the long, cold winter. See how busy I am! See how many nuts I can carry at a time!"

The cows are coming home from pasture, for it is milking time. They are passing the grain field. See the stooks of grain! In a few days they will be carried to the barn. Then the threshers will come.

When Mary reaches home, she finds Ruth in the yard. She is looking at the chickens and the ducks. How much they have grown during the summer!

Mary tells her mother how beautiful and quiet it is on the hill, and how everything is getting ready for its long winter sleep.

## THE ROBIN'S NEST

## I

How do the robins build their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

First, a wisp of yellow hay

In a pretty round they lay ;

Then some threads of flax or floss,

Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,

This way, that way, and across :

That's what Robin told me.

## II

Where do the robins hide their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

Up among the leaves so deep,

Where the sunbeams rarely creep.

Long before the winds are cold,

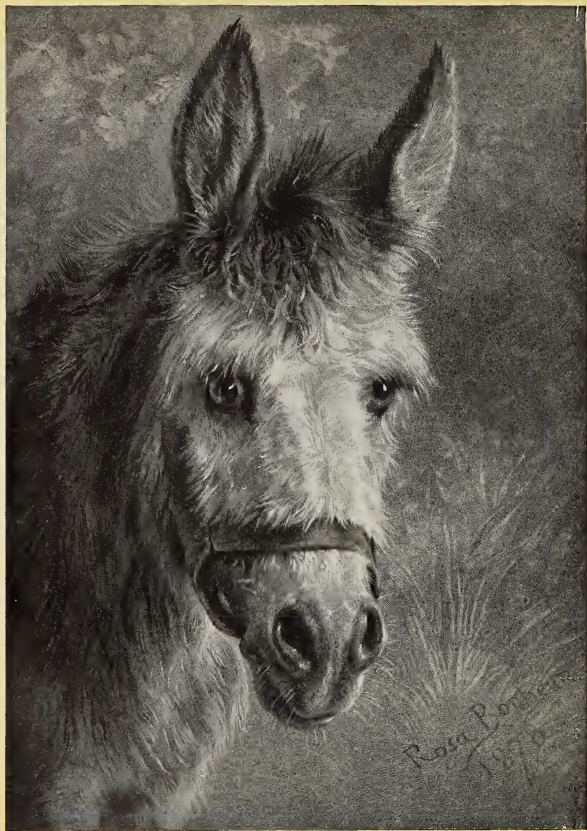
Long before the leaves are gold,

Bright-eyed stars will peep and see

Baby robins — one, two, three :

That's what robin told me.





From painting by Rosa Bonheur

AN HUMBLE SERVANT

## THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS

## PART I

“Dear me!” said the little maple seed to the acorn. “How are you going to travel without wings? See my wings. When I let go some windy day, I shall be carried away across the fields. When you fall, you will have to grow right beside your mother. Do you not wish you had beautiful wings like mine?”



“I am quite pleased as it is,” said the little acorn. “I never want to leave



my mother, but if some day I am carried away, I hope to grow up to be as strong as she is.



But it must be strange to have wings and fly through the air. You are such a wonderful little baby. You are so light and so neat, and I am so fat and heavy. I can never hope to fly like you."

"Do you hear those seeds talking about flying?" said a small voice from the ground.

It came from a tiny thistle seed. "You people up there know nothing about flying. I can travel for miles and miles, and the best



the maple seed can do is to go a few yards. And even then two seeds must go together."

"Yes! but of what use are you after you have travelled? Nobody is glad to see you."

"That is good," said a prickly burr. "A plant like the thistle should keep quiet, and so should the seed-babies. But I have a better way of travelling than any of you. When the animals

brush past me, I stick into their fur, and they carry me for miles and miles. I have such a fine, warm ride, too."



## PART II



“Listen to me!” said a béechnut that was hanging over a stream. “I can go farther than any of you, for I go by water. Once on a time a brother of mine went a thousand miles. Just think of that! When I fall into the stream, I hope to have such a long, long ride.”

This was too much for the tiny mustard-seed, and it spoke up quite hotly. “We never travel very far at all, but we do not need to do so. We have so many children

in the family we spread fast enough as it is."

"Indeed you do," said the dandelion. "You spread too fast. And the worst of it is, that you always mix with company far above you. You are disliked as much as the chick-weed, and that is a stay-at-home plant like yourself."

"You need not talk," said the mustard. "I have heard more people grumble about dandelions than about any other plant. You have ruined half the lawns in the village. Because the



children make whistles and rings and curls from your stems, you have no reason to be so proud. How do your seed-babies travel, anyway?"

"Her babies just run the streets," said the thistle seed. "We often run races together, and I tell you the dandelions know how to fly. Just watch for a minute."

Then a gust of wind came, and took a thousand seeds of the gray-headed dandelion, and a hundred seeds of the prickly thistle into the air. Away they went over the fields and into the village.

The acorn was so surprised that it let go and fell to the ground. A little squirrel said, "That is just what I want," so off he ran with it towards his home.

On the way a fox met him. They did not stop to talk, for the squirrel dropped the nut and ran for his life.



A few years afterwards a little oak tree sprang up in the forest. The mother could never understand how one of her children had travelled so far.

---

Thistle seed, thistle seed,  
Fly away, fly,  
The hair on your body  
Will take you up high.

## BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle light;  
In summer quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

---

## THE FOX AND THE CROW

One day a crow found a bit of cheese,  
and flew with it into a high tree to eat it.

As she sat on a branch of the tree,  
with the cheese in her beak, a fox came

that way. Looking up, he saw the crow and the cheese in her mouth.

“What a nice bit of cheese,” said the sly fox to himself. “How I should like to have it!”

As the fox could not climb the tree, he had to find out how to get the cheese from the crow.



He sat down at the foot of the tree and said: “Good-morning, Mrs. Crow. What a fine bird you are! I never saw such feathers as yours.”

The foolish crow was so pleased to hear these fine words that she began to turn herself about, and to feel proud.

The fox saw all this and spoke again.



"Dear Mrs. Crow," he said, "you are the most lovely bird that I have ever seen; but, do you know, I have never heard you sing?"

"If your voice is as fine as your dress, how sweet it must be. Will you not let me hear it? Do sing me one of your songs."

The crow was so proud by this time that she forgot that she could not sing. Opening her mouth with a loud "Caw," down fell the cheese to the ground.

The fox at once picked it up and ate it. Then he ran off to the woods without saying, "Thank you."

As he went the foolish crow heard a laugh, which told her how silly she had been to lose her nice cheese for fine words.



## THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE



One day a City Mouse went to visit his friend in the country.

The Country Mouse was very glad to see his old friend. He took him for a walk in the fields, and then gave him the best dinner he could find.

He was afraid that there was not enough for two, so he nibbled an ear of corn. His friend had some green pease, a bit of new cheese, and a ripe, red apple.

After the City Mouse had eaten all the dinner, he said: "How can you live in the country, my friend? You can see nothing here but woods and rivers, meadows and mountains. You must be

very tired of hearing nothing but the birds' songs. Come with me to the city. There you can live in a beautiful house and have good things for dinner every day. When you have lived in the city



a week, you will forget that you ever lived in the country.”

So the two mice set off for the city. They reached the home of the City Mouse in the night.

“You must be hungry after your long walk,” said the City Mouse to his friend. “We shall have some dinner at once.”

So they went to the dining-room, and the City Mouse found some cake and

fruit. "Help yourself," he said. "There is enough for both of us."

"This is a very good dinner," said the Country Mouse. "How rich you are, my friend!"

Just then the door opened, and in came a dog. The mice jumped off the table, and ran into a hole in the



floor. The poor little Country Mouse was very much afraid.

"Do not be afraid!" said his friend. "The dog cannot come in here."

Next, the mice went to the kitchen. They found an apple pie on the shelf,



and were helping themselves to a piece of it when they saw two bright eyes watching them.

“The cat! the cat!” cried the City Mouse; and the two ran through a hole in the wall as fast as they could go.

When the Country Mouse could speak, he said: “Good-bye, my friend. You may live in the city with the dogs and

cats. I like my home in the country. The birds sing while I eat my corn and apples. The cats watch while you eat your cake and pie. I like my corn in safety better than your cake in fear.”

---

## THE CROW AND THE ROBIN

One morning in the early spring a crow was sitting on the branch of an old oak. He felt very ugly and cross, and could only say, “Croak! croak!”

Soon a little robin, who was looking for a place to build her nest, came, with a merry song, into the same tree. “Good-morning to you,” she said to the crow.

But the crow made no answer; he only looked at the clouds and croaked something about the cold wind. “I said

good-morning to you," said the robin, jumping from branch to branch.

"I wonder how you can be so merry this morning," croaked the crow.

"Why should I not be merry?" asked the robin. "Spring has come, and every one ought to be happy."

"I am not happy," said the crow. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow."

"Very well," said the robin, "I shall keep on singing till the snow comes. A merry song will not make it any colder."

"Caw! caw! caw!" croaked the crow. "I think you are very foolish."

The robin flew to another tree, and kept on singing; but the crow sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is so cold," he said. "It always blows the wrong way for me."





From painting by Landseer

PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS





Very soon the sun came out warm and bright, and the clouds went away. But the crow was as cross as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the meadows. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods. Birds and bees flew here and there in the glad sunshine. The crow sat and croaked on the branch of the old oak.

“It is always too warm or too cold,” said he. “To be sure, it is a little pleasant just now; but I know that the sun will soon shine warm enough to burn one up. Then, before night, it will be colder than ever. I do not see how any one can sing at such a time as this.”

Just then the robin came back to the tree, with a straw in her mouth for her nest. “Well, my friend,” asked she, “where is your snow?”

“Don’t talk about that,” croaked the crow. “It will snow all the harder for this sunshine.”

“And snow or shine,” said the robin, “you will keep on croaking. For my part, I shall always look on the bright side of things, and have a song for every day in the year.”

Which will you be like, the crow or the robin?

---

### THE COLOR FAIRIES

There is an old story which tells how one of the colors is made.

One day Jack Frost sat in his palace of ice in the North Land. As he sat there he looked away to the south and saw the green trees and the pretty growing things. Then he remembered that it was time for his little fairies



THE FAIRIES AT WORK

to get out their paint pots. For there were many leaves to color before they fell to the ground.

So that night three little fairies found themselves in a great maple tree in the King's garden.

The first fairy was dressed in yellow from head to foot. In his hand he carried a small brush and a dainty little pot of yellow paint.

The next fairy was dressed in red, and he carried a pot full of paint of the same color.

The third fairy was dressed in orange, and his little orange pot was smaller than either of the others.

How the three little fellows worked! Leaf after leaf was touched. Some were nearly all yellow, some were nearly all red, and some had as many

as four colors, — green, red, yellow, and orange.

When the fairies had painted the outer branches, a sad thing happened. Little Orange Fairy, in passing from one leaf to another, let his pot fall from his hand, and all the paint was spilled on the ground.

What a cry he raised! It could be heard from one side of a leaf to the other. "I've lost my paint! I've lost my paint! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Then little Red Fairy ran to his aid. "Don't cry," he said. "Don't cry, and it will be all right again in a few minutes."

So down he went after the little orange pot, and poured into it enough red paint to half fill it.

But little Orange Fairy only cried louder and louder: "I must not use red! I must use orange, and nothing but orange. You have spoiled my paint pot. What will Jack Frost say? He will be so angry with me."

Then Yellow Fairy came down the tree. "Do not make such a noise," he said. "Be quiet for just a minute, and see what I can do."

So he poured enough yellow paint with the red paint to fill the little orange pot to the brim. Then he stirred it round and round. And as he stirred it the red and yellow seemed to be lost, and the pot was full of bright orange paint.

Then little Orange Fairy dried his tears, and the smiles chased each other across his face.

“Thank you! my brothers, thank you!” he said. And he ran to the nearest leaf and gave it a brush. How he shouted when he saw the green change to a lovely bright orange!



## THE DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed  
I see the stars shine overhead;  
They are the little daisies white  
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often when I'm dreaming so,  
Across the sky the moon will go;  
It is a lady sweet and fair,  
Who comes to gather daisies there.



For when at morning I arise,  
There's not a star left in the skies;  
She's picked them up and dropped them down  
Into the meadows of the town.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.  
(By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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### A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL

I am a little Indian girl. I have a dark brown skin, and my eyes are bright and black. I live on the prairies close to the mountains.

My home is a tent. We call it a wigwam. It is made of poles covered with skins. The poles are put into the ground so that the tent will not fall over. When it is cold, my mother makes a fire in the tent or in front of it.

My clothes do not seem to fit me



THE INDIAN GIRL

very well, but they are warm. When my mother was a little girl, all her clothes were made from skins. I have a warm blanket of deerskin. My mother made it for me.

Here is one of my shoes. It is made of deerskin. It is soft and warm. We call it a moccasin. Did you ever try to wear moccasins? In winter we use snow-shoes to go from place to place. Have you ever seen snow-shoes?

I can run and swim and shoot with my bow and arrow. My father has a gun. He shoots the bear, the deer, the wolf, and the fox. Long ago he used to shoot the buffalo.

In fall and winter we set traps and catch the many wild animals that live in the woods. We have hooks and lines and nets to catch the fish. I

like to see my father spear the fish through a hole in the ice.

My mother does pretty beadwork. She made the pictures on my moccasins, and the belt for my father. Do you not think they are pretty ?

How do we travel from place to place ? Let me tell you. We have three ponies and we have a big canoe made from birch bark. I like to travel in the canoe. My father and my mother can paddle very softly and very quickly. I can sit quite still in the canoe for an hour at a time.

I have a little baby brother. He is called a papoose. He has a pretty cradle. When mother goes from place to place, she carries the cradle on her back.

I like to live as I do. I love the

woods and the streams. I know the birds and beasts and flowers. They are all my friends. I wonder if you are as happy as I am.

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### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

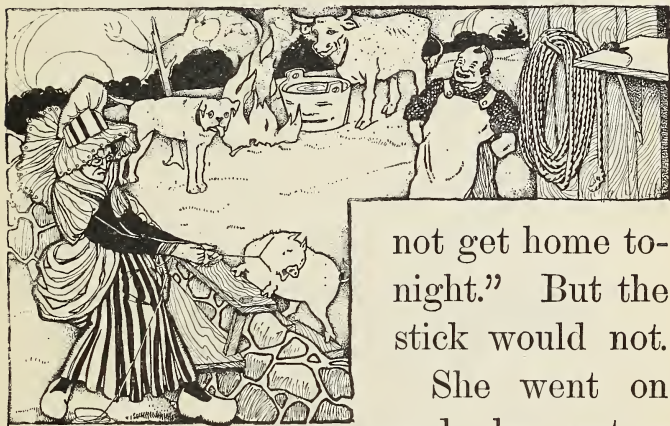
One day an old woman found a sixpence.

“What shall I do with this little sixpence?” said she. “I will go to market and buy a pig.” So she went to market and bought a little white pig.

On the way home they came to a stile and the pig would not jump over.

The old woman went a little way and she met a dog. So she said: “Dog! dog! bite pig! Pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.” But the dog would not.

The old woman went on and she met a stick. So she said: "Stick! stick! beat dog! Dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall



not get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went on and she met a

fire. So she said: "Fire! fire! burn stick! Stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the fire would not.

She went on and she met some water.

So she said: "Water! water! put out fire! Fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite

pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the water would not.

She went on and she met an ox. So she said: "Ox! ox! drink water! Water will not put out

fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the ox would not.





She went on and she met a man. So she said: "Man! man! kill ox! Ox will not drink water; water will not put out fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the man would not.

She went on and she met a rope. So she said: "Rope! rope! hang man! Man will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not put out fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the rope would not.

She went on and she met a mouse. So she said: "Mouse! mouse! gnaw rope! Rope will not hang man; man will not kill ox; ox will not drink

water; water will not put out fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

"I will," said the mouse, "if you will give me some cheese."

The old woman had some cheese with her, and she gave some of it to the mouse. Then the mouse began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the man; the man began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to put out the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig, and the little white pig jumped over the stile. So the old woman did get home that night after all.





From painting by Munier

ROBIN REDBREAST

## THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,  
When the grass with dew is wet,  
There you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

---

## WINTER

There is snow in the fields and ice on the river. There are sleighs for the hills and skates for the pond.

Mary is very happy during the cold winter days.

But she misses the bright flowers of the hillside. The plants are all sleeping beneath the snow.

The singing birds are not here. Sometimes the chickadee flies into the yard. He seems to be the only bird of winter, but Mary's father says there are many others in the woods.

Out in the yard the boys are making a snow-man. His eyes are two onions,



and his nose is a potato. He has a stick in his hand and a straw hat on his head. Fred says he will run as soon as he sees the sun.

Listen to the sleigh-bells! Little Ruth hears them, and runs to meet her father. He has been to the mill for flour. He is white from head to foot, for it has been snowing.

What fun everybody will have in the

evening! There are games to play, books to read, and stories to tell. Mary says winter is the best time of the year, because she then sees her mother more, and because her father has more time to play with his children.

---

## AN ESKIMO BABY

I am an Eskimo child. When I was a baby, my mother kept me in my cradle. She made the hood of her reindeer suit in the form of a long bag to hang over her shoulders. This was my cradle.

At home I used to roll about on the reindeer skins that made my bed. I had no doll, but I played with my father's hatchet.

Do you know how my father makes





THE ESKIMO BABY

his house? He builds it from snow and ice. It has a low roof. I have to get down on my hands and knees to go in or out of the door.

We use stone lamps to give heat and light. When it gets too warm, the roof of the house begins to melt. Then my mother makes a snowball which sucks up the water.

In front of the door of the house is a smaller house to keep out the cold wind. The dogs live in this house. They draw my sled over the snow.

I often go with my father to hunt the seal and the walrus. One day we saw a white bear. My father killed him with his spear. We had a great feast. I have the skin of the bear on my bed.

---

Big things are done by little things.

## LIVING AND LOVING

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,  
the dove,  
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love."

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud  
song.

But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny, warm  
weather

And singing and loving — all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That he sings and he sings and forever sings he,  
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

---

THE MEN AND THE BEAR

Two men out for a walk in the woods  
met a bear. One of them got up into a  
tree and hid there.

His friend, who could not get up the tree in time, was left to meet the bear alone. He knew that it was of no use to try to run away, as the bear could run fast, and would catch him.

He had been told that a bear would not touch a dead body, so he threw himself upon the ground as if he were dead.

While he lay there the bear came up to his head, smelt at his nose and ears and mouth, and went away.

When the bear was out of sight the man came down from the tree. He seemed to be very much afraid that his friend was hurt. "Did the bear bite you?" said he.

"No; he was very kind, and told me something I was glad to know. Did you see him put his mouth to my ear?"

“Yes, yes. What did he say?”

“He told me not to trust a man for a friend who would leave me to be killed by a bear.”

---

### THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS

**T**HERE was once a man who had a goose.



This goose was not like the geese on your grandfather's farm.

She was a very handsome goose, and every day she laid a big, golden egg.

The man sold the eggs at the market. He saved the money and was slowly getting rich.

One day he said to himself, “I wish that I were rich now.”

"Every day my goose lays a golden egg. She must have a mass of gold inside of her. If she has not, how can she lay golden eggs?"

"If I could have all the gold at once, I should be very rich."



So the man killed his goose and tried to find the gold.

Alas! There was no gold to be found. His goose was like all other geese. But now he had killed her, and he would have no more golden eggs to sell at the market.

The foolish man had lost the good that he had, without getting the riches which he wished.

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### PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,  
The maple sap is running,  
And on the highest elm a crow  
His coal-black wings is sunning.  
A close green bud the mayflower lies  
Upon its mossy pillow ;  
And sweet and low the south wind blows,  
And through the brown field calling goes,  
“Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow !”  
Within your close brown wrapper stir ;  
Come out and show your silver fur,  
“Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow !”  
  
Soon red with buds the maple trees,  
The bluebirds will be singing,  
And yellow tassels in the breeze  
Be from the poplars swinging ;





. And rosy will the mayflower be  
 Upon its mossy pillow ;  
 But you must come the first of all, —  
 “Come, Pussy,” is the south wind’s call, —  
 “Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow !”  
 A fairy gift to children dear,  
 The downy firstling of the year, —  
 “Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow !”

---

March winds and April showers  
 Bring forth May flowers.

## SPRING



Spring has come. You can hear the birds singing in the trees. The robin is calling from the apple tree. "Wait! Wait!" he says. "Wait till the leaves grow a little! Wait till you see the nest and the five blue eggs in it! Wait, wait! Think of it! Think of it!"

You can hear the bees buzzing. They are flying from flower to flower. They are sipping the honey. They are taking it to the hive.



Look at the pretty flowers. Do you know the mayflower? Here is a little

yellow buttercup. They have all been waiting for sharp, bright eyes and soft little hands.

The brook is singing on its way to the river. The fishes are coming up to find the dark pools. They have spent the winter in the deep waters of the lake.

Mary and her father are in the garden. They are planting the flower seeds. The warm sun and the soft rain will make the seeds grow. They will become little plants. Their green leaves will cover the ground. Everything will look fresh and bright.



## TWELVE LITTLE CHICKENS

## PART I

Once upon a time there was a white hen that had twelve little chickens. They were very, very small, and the old hen took good care of them. In



the daytime she found food for them, and at night she kept them under her wings.

One day the old hen and her chickens went down to the creek. They walked up and down the bank for a long, long time. They picked and scratched and searched, but very little could they find. On the other side of the brook it looked

very pretty, and the hen thought it would be a good place for the little family.

So she went down the bank till she came to a big stone. There was another big stone near it in the middle of the stream, and still another stone at the far side.

“It is just the place for my family to cross,” said the old hen. “There is not one of them but is quite big enough to get over.”

“Cluck ! Cluck ! come here, chickens ! Every one of you come ! We are going to cross over the stream to the other bank. See how green and fresh it is — just the place for dear, wee chickens. Now, see what I do, and then try to do the same thing. It is just as easy as can be.”

So she lifted her wings a little, and jumped from the first stone to the second, and called her little ones to follow her. But they were very, very little chickens, and it seemed so far across, they were afraid to try.

## PART II

Then she flapped her wings again and scolded. "Why do you not jump? It is so easy. Why, I can step across."



And she did step across, and then stepped back again.

But the chickens were still afraid. They stood on the bank or ran up and down, and said, "We can't, we can't."





From painting by C. Rohde

ALL NINE





“Yes, you can,” said the mother, “if you only try. Just flap your wings and jump. Only try!”

“I am flapping my wings,” said little Chippy. “I am flapping, but it does not make me jump.”

“I never saw such children!” said the angry mother. “You do not half try. Just come away back home.” So off she went, and they all tried to follow.

“I think mother expected too much,” said one little chicken. “So do I,” said another. “She forgets that we are so very, very small. I didn’t try because I knew I couldn’t do it.”

“Well, I *did* try,” said Chippy. “I flapped my wings, and tried as hard as I could. But I couldn’t jump across.”

When they reached home, the old hen found a piece of bread near the

door. So she called all the chickens to her. How they all ran, hoping to get a crumb or two.

“No! No!” she said. “This bread is all for Chippy. He is the only one that really tried.”



### WHERE THEY GROW

Down in the valley, deep, deep, deep,  
Where the little sunbeams wink and peep,  
Under the grasses hiding low, —  
That's where the dear little violets grow.

Out in the meadow bright, bright, bright,  
Close by the clovers red and white,  
With heart of gold and a fringe of snow, —  
That's where the dear little daisies grow.

Up in the maple tree, tree, tree,  
Look, and a tiny nest you'll see,  
Swung by the breezes to and fro, —  
That's where the dear little birdies grow.

Up in the nursery, neat, neat, neat,  
Hear the patter of wee, wee feet;  
Hear little voices chirp and crow, —  
That's where the dear little babies grow.

---

## THE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE



WHEN Chicken  
Little was in  
the woods one  
day, an acorn  
fell on her  
head.

She thought  
that the sky  
had fallen, so

she ran to tell the King about it.

On the way she met Henny Penny. "Where are you going, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"The sky has fallen, and I am going to tell the King."

"I will go with you if I may," said Henny Penny: and away they both ran.

Soon they met Cocky Locky. "Where are you going, Henny Penny?" asked Cocky Locky.

"The sky has fallen, and I am going with Chicken Little to tell the King."

"I will go with you if I may," said Cocky Locky; and they all ran down the road.

When they came to the pond they saw Ducky Lucky. "Where are you going, Cocky Locky?" asked Ducky Lucky.

“The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King.”

“I will go with you if I may,” said Ducky Lucky; and away they went.

Next they met Goosey Loosey. “Where are you going, Ducky Lucky?” asked Goosey Loosey.

“The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King.”

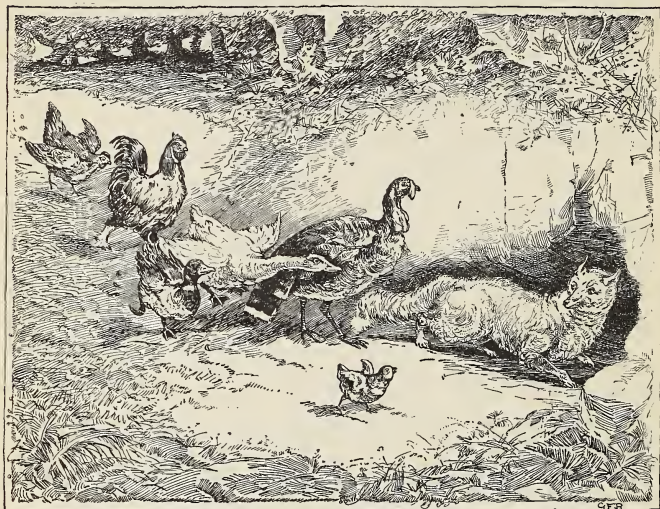
“I will go with you if I may,” said Goosey Loosey. “Let us run fast.”

At the top of the hill they met Turkey Lurkey. “Where are you going, Goosey Loosey?” asked Turkey Lurkey.

“The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King.”

“I will go with you if I may,” said Turkey Lurkey; and they all ran down the hill.

Foxy Loxy heard them coming, and ran out to meet them. "Where are you going?" he asked.



"The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King," they cried.

"Come with me, and I will show you the way," said Foxy Loxy.

So Foxy Loxy led Chicken Little,



Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey across the field and through the woods.

He led them straight into his den, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.

---

### THE BEAN PLANT

I am a little bean plant. At first I was a pretty white bean. One day a little boy saw me. "I will put this bean in a glass," he said. "Then I will take it to school. The boys and girls will like to see it grow."



Into the glass he put some soft cotton and a little water. As I was

hard and dry I began to drink the water. When I drank all that was in the glass, they gave me more.

Soon my coat was too small for me. It split in two. When the little boy looked into it, he saw a pretty little baby bean plant.



Then he put me into the ground. It was very dark under the earth. I did not like it.

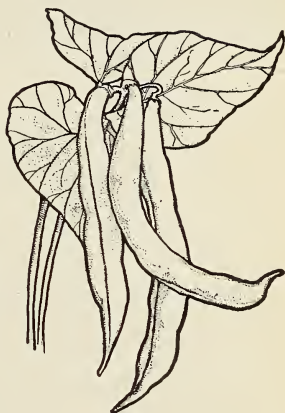
I sent a little root down into the ground to find some water, and I sent up two little leaves to find the light.



When the little boy saw my two leaves, he gave me more water. Then I began to grow very rapidly. Soon he saw more leaves.

One day I sent out some white blossoms. The children cried: "How pretty they are! What will come next?"

In a few days they saw little pods where the blossoms had been. The pods were green. Little baby beans were growing in the pods.



My pods are now growing yellow. Soon they will break open, and the pretty white beans will fall to the ground.

---

### THE LITTLE SEED

In the heart of a seed, buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine, “and creep to the light.”

“Wake!” said the voice of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard it, and rose to see  
What the wonderful outside world might be.

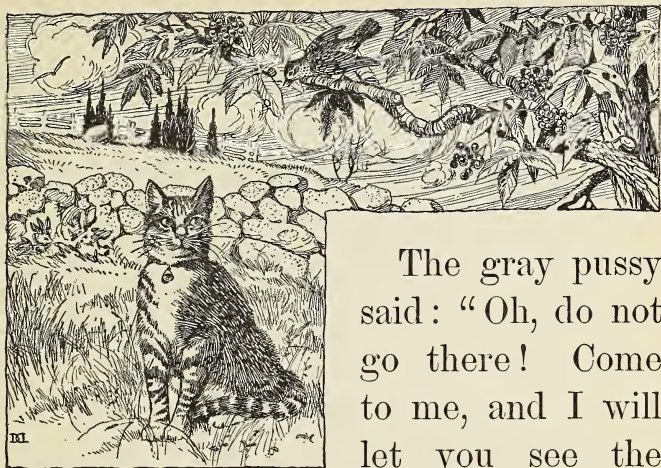
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## THE SONG OF THE LARK

### PART I

There was once a hungry gray pussy. He went down into the meadow and sat among the tall grasses. He saw a pretty little lark flying overhead. So he called out, “Good-morning, pretty lark, where are you going to-day?”

The lark said: “I am going to the King to sing him a song this lovely June morning. The Queen is sad, very sad. I shall sing for her, and she will smile and feel happy.”



The gray pussy said: "Oh, do not go there! Come to me, and I will let you see the pretty bell that hangs on my neck."

But the lark said: "Oh, no, no, gray pussy! I saw you kill a little mousie one day, but you shall not kill me."

Then the lark flew away across the meadow and over the green wheatfield.

There he saw a great, greedy hawk sitting in an old oak tree.

"Where are you going, my pretty lark?" said the hawk. The lark said:

"I am going to see the King. I want to sing a song for him and his lovely Queen this bright June morning."

The greedy hawk said: "Do not be in a hurry, my pretty bird; do not be in a hurry. Come with me, and I can show you a nest with my three little babies in it."

But the lark said: "Oh, no, no, greedy hawk! I saw you catch and kill a young robin one day, but you shall not kill me."

So off he flew, till he came to a high hill. There he saw a sly fox sitting among the bushes.

The sly fox said: "Where are you going, my pretty lark?" The lark said: "I am going to the King to sing a song for him and his Queen this fine June morning."

“Do not be in a hurry,” said the sly old fox. “Come to me and I will teach you a new song.”

But the lark said: “Oh, no, no, sly old fox! You killed and ate the little chickens and their mother, but you shall not kill me.”

## PART II

So he flew away and away and away, till he came to the King's garden. There he flew over the trees and sang his sweetest song. The lovely Queen listened, and the sad look went out of her face.

“How merrily the lark sings,” said she. Then the robin came, and the two birds sang together.

The King and Queen smiled, and the children danced on the green lawn.

“Let us give the birds some ripe,





red cherries," they said. So they did.

Then the birds flew away together. "Come with me," said the robin to the lark. So the lark went with him till they came to a green tree in the woods.

"There!" said the robin.

"There is my nest and the three pretty blue eggs in it. And this is my sweet little wife."

"Come with me," said the lark; and they flew to a green meadow. There, under some clover blossoms, was the lark's nest, and in it five little ones.



## THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,

“He's singing to me! he's singing to me!”

And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

“Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? don't you see?

Hush! look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “A nest do  
you see,

And five pretty eggs in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me.”

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the  
tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

“Oh, the world’s running over with joy!

But long it won’t be,

Don’t you know? don’t you see?

Unless we’re as good as can be!”

—LUCY LARCOM.

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## SUMMER

Light, fleecy clouds are sailing in the blue sky. There is music in the air, for the bobolink is singing, the sparrow is twittering, and the noisy brook is hurrying over the rocks and pebbles.

Up in the apple tree the little robins are chirping. “See, see!” says Robin. “Did you ever see such pretty children as mine? Look at them! Look at them!”





From painting by R. Epp

MORNING PRAYER

Now is the time for flowers. The tall buttercup is in the pasture, the violet is found in the shady woods, the



bluebell is calling from the hillside. All the children know where to find them.

What fun the boys have the long summer days! Tom knows where to find the strawberries and the ripe, red cherries. He knows also what trees

bear the early apples. Then he can tell you the shortest road to the best fishing pools, and he can take you to the best swimming hole in the creek.

Which season do you like the best — winter, with its snows; autumn, with its colored leaves; spring, with its fresh green grass; or summer, with its fruits?



We have a secret, just we three,  
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;  
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,  
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But of course the robin knows it best,  
Because she built — I'll not tell the rest;  
And laid the four little — somethings in it,  
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.



## THE WIND AND THE SUN

The North Wind once said to the Sun, "I am stronger than you."

"Let us see," said the Sun.

Just then a man came by.

"I can make that man take off his coat," said the Wind.

He blew as hard as he could, yet the man only said: "How the wind blows! I am glad I have such a warm coat."

"Now let me try," said the Sun.

So he came out from a cloud and shone as bright as he could.

"How warm it is!" the man said, and took off his coat.

---

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.

## DAINTY LITTLE DANDELION

Dainty little dandelion,  
Smiling on the lawn,  
Sleeping through the dewy night,  
Waking with the dawn.

Fairy little dandelion,  
In her misty shroud,  
Passes from our sight away,  
Like a summer cloud.

---

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

There was once a kind man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many good books, some of which you may read when you are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always ready to help others and give them a part of anything he had. He gave so much to the poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Dr. Goldsmith; for he had studied to be a physician.

One day a poor woman asked Dr. Goldsmith to go and see her husband; for she said he was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the family was in great need. The man had not had work for a long time. He was not sick, but only in trouble; and as for eating, there was not a bit of food in the house.

“Call at my room this evening,” said Dr. Goldsmith to the woman. “I will then give you some medicine for your husband.”

In the evening the woman called. The doctor gave her a little paper box which was very heavy. “Here is the

medicine," he said. "Use it with care, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

When the woman reached her home she sat down by her husband, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions:—

"To be taken as often as necessity requires."

"What does he mean?" asked the man.

"He means we are to use the money to buy what we need most," said the woman.

Dr. Goldsmith had given them all the ready money he had.

---

A stitch in time saves nine.

## THE BEST RUNNER

## PART I

Bennie was sitting on the bank of a little stream. His feet were dangling in the clear, cool water. In his hands he held a story-book which his mother had given him at Christmas. It was about little Tom the water-baby, and his strange school at the bottom of the sea.

All at once a little bird sang, "Tweet! tweet! Sweet! sweet!" close beside him. Bennie smiled as he listened. "I hope he is not calling me sweet," he said to himself. "They sometimes call the baby sweet, but, surely, I am too big for that."

But the birdie was not singing to Bennie at all. It was sitting on a low



BESIDE THE STREAM

branch that hung over the water. It was singing to the stream, and the stream was singing to the sky. What lovely music it was, too! The bird told about its nest in the elm tree, with the five speckled eggs in it, and the stream told about the deep pools where the lilies grow, and where the big trout sleeps when the sun is bright.

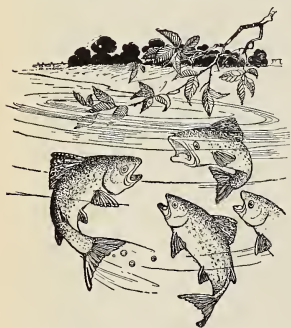
The soft south wind blew around Bennie's temples. It sent such a sweet murmur through the great tree-tops, and set them swinging backwards and forwards so gently that before the little boy knew it he was sound asleep.

## PART II

In his sleep he thought that a little fish came up the stream and began to nibble at his toes. "What are these?"



it asked, as Bennie pulled them away. "Why, they are toes," said the little fellow. "Do you not know what toes are for? They help us to run. Boys and girls, dogs and cats, and even the little birds have toes. I really do not see how one could get along without them. How do you manage to run without toes and feet?"



"Why, do you not see?" said the fish, "I use my fins and my tail. They send me through the water. I should look very strange indeed if I had feet. How any one with feet could run along the bed of the stream I cannot imagine. But I can run. Look at me!" And the little fish swam around so fast that

Bennie could not follow it with his eyes.

Then the stream spoke up. "I can run, too," it said. "I have no feet either, and no fins, yet I run all day and all night, and never tire. And I never get warm over it, either. No matter how fast I run I always keep cool." And the stream danced away to show little Bennie how clever it was.

### PART III

"Woo-oo ! Woo-oo-oo !" said the wind in the tree-tops. It was beginning to move more quickly. "Have you ever seen any one that can run faster than I can? Just look for a minute." Then it blew so fiercely that the boughs bent down to the ground. The leaves danced and fluttered, and

some of them fell down into the stream and danced away on the current. "Isn't that fun?" shouted the wind. "I can run two or three ways at once, too. And I have no feet, and no toes, and no fins, and no tail. Woo-oo! And I couldn't keep in my bed if I had one. The stream runs on the ground and I run in the tree-tops, but I can run faster than anybody. Woo-oo! Woo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Tweet! tweet! Sweet! sweet!" said a little voice at the water's edge. "I can run, too. I can run over the ground on my feet, only I call it hopping instead of running; and I can run through the air with my wings, only I call it flying. Little boys cannot run through the tree-tops, but I can; little boys cannot run through the water, but

the fish can; little boys cannot run all the time without getting tired, but the stream can; little boys cannot make the big trees bend their heads, but the wind can. Tweet! tweet!" And the little bird hopped close up to Bennie and began to sing into his ear.

## PART IV

Just then a fly settled on the little fellow's nose and made him sneeze. Splash went his foot into the water. Off flew the little bird and away darted the little fish, but the stream ran by as briskly as ever, and the wind still whistled in the tree-tops.

When Bennie reached home, he told his dream to his mother, and his mother sang to him the song of the brook:—

“ I chatter, chatter as I flow,  
To join the brimming river.  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

Then she sang for him the song of the wind, and the leaves, but Bennie knew this song, for he had heard it in school.

When the birdie went home that night, it told the little mother-bird about the fish and its fins, and about the boy and his book; but it did not know what the book was used for.

When the fish went back to the pool, it told the other little fishes about the bird and its wings; but the little fishes all said they were glad to have fins so that they could swim around in the cool water.

When Bennie thought it all over, he

said he was glad he was a boy. If he could not run as fast as the wind, nor all the time like the stream, nor through the air like the bird, yet he could run fast enough for a boy. And boys could do many things that the birds and fish would never understand.

---

You can be a little helper,  
Child, so fair;  
And your kindly deeds can make,  
For Our Heavenly Father's sake,  
Sunshine, love, and happiness  
Everywhere.

---

## HIDE-AND-SEEK

Up and down the play room,  
In behind the door,  
Climbing on the sofa,  
Creeping on the floor,

In below the table,  
Round the easy-chair,  
Goes my little brother  
Calling, " Are you there? "

And, when brother sees me,  
Then away I run ;  
And he follows after,  
Laughing at the fun.

So at hide-and-seek we play,  
And pass the merry time away.

---

## A FOOLISH PINE TREE

### PART I

A little pine tree grew in the woods. All the trees around it had beautiful broad leaves, but it had only green needles.

The little tree began to murmur:  
"I do not like needles. All the other





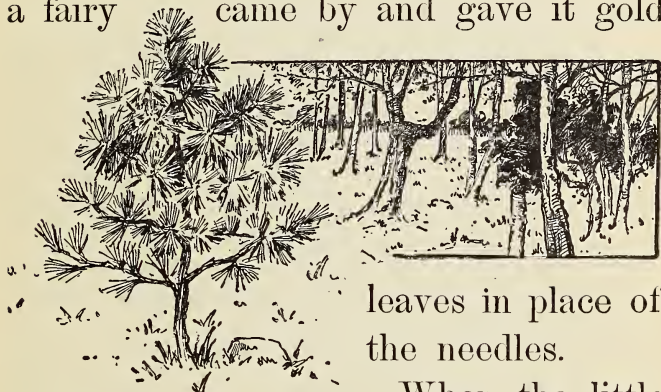
From painting by Raphael

THE SISTINE MADONNA



trees have pretty broad leaves. I want to have pretty leaves too. But I should like to have gold leaves best of all."

That night, while the pine tree slept, a fairy came by and gave it gold



leaves in place of the needles.

When the little tree awoke, it found itself dressed in leaves of gold. "Oh, how pretty I am!" it said. "No other tree in the woods has golden leaves. No other tree is so grand and so beautiful." It grew so proud that it would scarcely whisper to its neighbors.

One day a man came into the woods. He saw the beautiful gold leaves. "Here is a fortune," he said. So he stripped all the leaves from the branches and carried them away.

"O dear! O dear!" sighed the poor tree. "I do not want gold leaves again. If only I had asked for leaves of glass instead! How I should like to have glass leaves!"

That night the pine tree cried itself to sleep. During the night the fairy came by and dressed it in leaves of glass.

When the sun arose, how happy the little tree was! Its leaves sparkled in the sunshine. "Now," it cried, "I am the brightest and prettiest tree in the woods." And all the other trees looked at it in wonder.

## PART II

By and by a wind arose. It blew this way and that way; it roared and it moaned. The poor little glass leaves were blown against each other until every one was broken.

How unhappy the poor pine tree felt that day. "Oh, to think that my pretty leaves did not last a single day! What a mistake I made! I should have asked for green leaves, — big, broad, green leaves, like the other trees. Oh, if I only had pretty green leaves!"

When it awoke next morning, the little pine tree had beautiful green leaves like the other trees of the woods.

How happy it was the whole day long! The leaves kissed each other. They danced in the wind. They whis-

pered to one another. They opened out to catch the sunshine. The old oak tree—the oldest tree in the woods—said that the new suit was the prettiest it had ever seen.

But at evening a goat came by. He saw the green leaves. “Here is just what I wanted,” he said. “Fresh green leaves! Fresh green leaves!” And he ate every one, and enjoyed them, too.

Then the poor pine tree said, “I want no more leaves. I don’t want gold leaves, nor green leaves, nor leaves of glass. My own needles are best of all.”

Then the tree went to sleep again, and during the night the fairy gave it what it wanted. How happy it was next day and ever afterwards.

## THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE

A pin and a needle found themselves side by side in the pin-cushion.

“I don’t know why they call it a pin-cushion,” said the needle. “They should call it a needle-cushion. Needles are of some use, but those pins are too dull for anything.”

“Now, do not be so sharp,” said the pin. “A pin has at least a head, and that is more than a needle can say for itself.”

“But of what use is a head without an eye?”

“And of what use is an eye if there is always something in it?”

“I can go through more work than you can.”

“Yes, but it gives you a stitch in the side, and you cannot live long.”



“I shouldn’t wish to live if I were as crooked as you.”

Just then a little girl came along with some thread and a piece of cotton. She put the thread through the eye of the needle and began to sew. In a few minutes she broke the needle at the eye.

“It serves you right,” said the pin. “You were far too proud of that eye.”

Then the girl tied the thread around the head of the pin. In forcing the pin through the cotton she pulled off its head.

The needle did not say anything, for it did not see what had happened.

Then both pin and needle were thrown into the stove. “Here we are again,” said the pin. “Yes! and we have very little to fight about either,”

said the needle. "We seem to be very much like some people. They are never through their fighting till they are laid in the dust."

---

### THE LITTLE ANT FAMILY

There was a hill by the roadside. The ants made a home in it.

One day the queen ant laid some



eggs in one of the rooms. After a time the eggs were hatched. But they were not ants that came out of the eggs. Instead of that, they were little

white things that looked like worms. They were ant-babies.

The ants took great care of these little babies. Every day they washed and fed them. They washed them with their tongues, and they fed them with soft, sweet food.

On bright days, when the sun was shining, all the babies were taken to the top of the hill. On cold days they were kept inside.

After a time they grew sleepy, and made little blankets for themselves. Then they lay down to sleep.

When they awoke, they crawled out of their blankets, but they did not look like worms. They looked like ants, only that each had four wings on its back.

They crawled to the top of the hill.

The bright sun warmed them. The world seemed very beautiful. So they said, "Let us fly away. We shall build new homes of our own."

When they found new homes, they took off their wings. They did not need them any more. They built houses with halls, and dining-rooms, and pantries. They worked very, very hard. When the new home was made, the queen laid eggs in some of the rooms. Soon there were some new babies to care for.

---

One morn the listening angels heard  
The bells of New Year true,  
And smiling sent the snowflakes down  
To make our old Earth new.  
Each tiny snowflake — oh, so small! —  
One little spot made bright,  
And smiled until the Earth smiled too,  
In silence pure and white.

## A LITTLE CHINAMAN

I am a little Chinaman. My house is one story high. It is made of mud and is covered with seeds. The air and light come in through a small hole in the roof. A mat hangs across the door. The floor is made of mud. At one end of the room there is a mat of reeds. We all sleep on it.

Near at hand is the river. There are hundreds of boats on it. Many people live on these boats. They have no other home.

My long gown has wide sleeves. I have shoes which turn up at the toes. My sisters have the smallest feet of any people in the world.

My hair is shaved off except at the back of my head. There it grows long,



A CHINESE BOY

and hangs down my back. It is tied with a ribbon. I am very proud of my braid of hair.

I eat rice almost every day. I use two chop-sticks to carry it to my mouth. I do not need knife, fork, or spoon.

I have a kite shaped like a fish. On Kite Day every man and every boy flies his kite. Even my old grandfather has one.

Did you ever see a Chinese lantern? Every one who goes out at night must carry a lantern. At the Feast of Lanterns we have great fun. You should hear our music and see our fireworks.

I go to school. I learn to read and write. I have to study my lessons aloud. When I know them, I go to the teacher and give him my book. I make him a bow, then turn my back to him



and try to tell what I have learned. I must know it exactly as it is written.

I have to do just what my parents tell me. My father and mother must do what their parents tell them. We all must learn to obey.

When I go into a room, I take off my shoes. You would take off your hat. You read from the front to the back of a book, and from left to right on the page. I read from the top to the bottom, and from right to left, and from the back to the front. You take milk and sugar in your tea. I take my tea without these. I think you are very strange. What do you think of me?

---

If you wish to be happy  
All the day,  
Make some one else happy —  
*That's* the way.

## THE TWO KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,  
Began to quarrel, and then to fight ;  
One had a mouse, the other had none,  
And that was the way the strife began.

“ I’ll have the mouse,” said the older cat.

“ *You’ll* have the mouse? We’ll see about that.”

“ I’ll have it indeed,” said the bigger one.

“ *I’ll* see to that,” said the little one.

I’ve told you then ’twas a stormy night  
When these two kittens began to fight.  
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,  
And swept these kittens out of the room.

All the ground was covered with snow,  
And nowhere had these kittens to go ;  
So they laid them down close by the door,  
Until the old woman had broomed the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,  
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,  
Thinking it better that stormy night,  
To share their mouse, than quarrel and fight.

## A DAY'S FISHING

One bright summer day when I was about ten years old, a boy, named Jim, who was two years older, coaxed me to leave school with him and go fishing.

I knew I should not have gone, for I was not well at the time, and I had promised my mother not to leave school without her permission.

It was warm and bright as I passed through the fields, but it was quite damp and dark as we passed through the woods.

At last we came to the stream and we had to sit on a big wet rock while I fished. I felt cold and began to cough, but I could not go back to school and I was afraid to go home.

After we had fished for a long time a

big fish came up and began to nibble at Jim's bait, but it would not bite. Then I threw in my line, and the fish at once seized the hook. Jim grew angry and said I had stolen his fish. He struck at me, and I slipped into the water, getting wet up to the neck.

I managed to get out after a time, and Jim told me to go home, but I was afraid to meet my mother. I went up to a warm spot on the bank and lay down in the sun to dry my clothes. After an hour I rose up stiff and sore and set out for home.

As I passed the pool I saw a man fishing. When he saw me, he told me to hurry home to my mother. Then he said almost to himself, "I do not suppose your mother will care much, anyway; she is likely just about as careless as yourself."

Now I had the best mother in the world and this remark of the man did not please me at all. So I quickly answered him by saying that my mother was not careless, indeed she was the very best mother living.

The gentleman only laughed at me. "A good mother!" said he. "I can tell what a mother is like by seeing her boy. You are dirty and disobedient and you do not care for your mother or you would not be here now."

I was so angry that I ran home at once, crying all the way. I was ill for a long time; but when I got well, I never forgot the words of that stranger. Every time I was tempted to do anything wrong I remembered that people would judge my mother by my acts. To do wrong was to injure her good name.

Indeed, I never go fishing without hearing a voice saying, "You can always tell a mother by her boy, and you can tell how much a boy loves his mother by his actions."

---

### THE CLUCKING HEN

"Will you take a walk with me,  
My little wife, to-day?  
There's barley in the barley field,  
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen,  
"I've something else to do;  
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,  
I cannot walk with you."

"Cluck ! cluck ! cluck ! cluck !"  
Said the clucking hen ;  
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,  
I'll think about it then."

The clucking hen sat on her nest ;  
She made it in the hay ;

And warm and snug beneath her breast  
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack ! crack ! went all the eggs,  
Out came the chickens small !  
“ Cluck ! cluck ! ” said the clucking hen,  
“ Now I have you all.

“ Come along, my little chicks,  
I'll take a walk with you.”  
“ Hollo ! hollo ! ” the cock cried out,  
“ Cock-a-doodle-doo ! ”

---

## THE THREE SIEVES

“ Oh ! mother, I heard such a story  
about Mary. I did not believe she  
would be so rude. They say — ”

“ Stop, Jennie, for a moment, before  
you say more, and let us put the story  
through three sieves.”

“ What do you mean, mother ? How  
can we put the story through three  
sieves ? ”



“Why, just in this way, Jennie. We can put it through the first sieve by asking if it is *true*.”

“Well! I am not so sure it is true. I only heard the girls talking. They all seemed to believe it.”

“Next, then, let us put it through the second sieve by asking if it is *kind* to tell what you have heard.”

“No! I do not suppose it is; but then everybody is talking, and I thought you would like to know what they say.”

“Well, never mind that, but put the story through the third sieve. Is it *necessary* to tell what you have heard?”

“Of course, mother, I *need* not tell it; but it is so interesting, you know.”

“Then, Jennie, do not tell it on that account. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us keep quiet.”

## THE BIRD AND THE BABY

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day ?

“ Let me fly,” says little birdie ;

“ Mother, let me fly away ! ”

“ Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”

So she rests a little longer,

Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day ?

Baby says, like little birdie,

“ Mother, let me fly away ! ”

“ Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.”

If she sleeps a little longer,

Baby, too, may fly away.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

---

Think before you speak.  
Always keep your promises.  
Always do your best.

## THE LOST DOLL



I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world ;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day ;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.





I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day ;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away :  
And her arm's trodden off by the cow, dears,  
And her hair's not the least bit curled ;  
Yet for old-time's sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.



## THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN

A blind man met a lame man and held out his hand, saying, "Will you not help me?"

"How can I help you?" asked the lame man. "I am lame and not able to help anybody, but you seem to be quite well. You should be able to get along without aid from any one."

"Yes," said the blind man, "I look well, but do you not see that I am blind?"

"Then let us help each other," said the lame man. "Let me get on your back. You will be legs for me and I shall be eyes for you."

"Good," said the blind man. "We shall help one another."

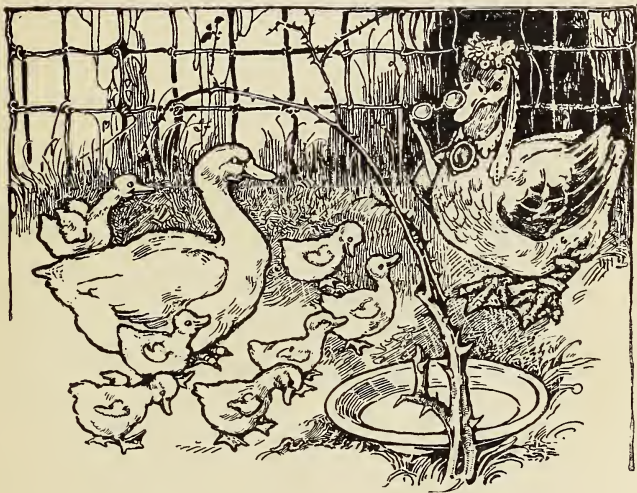
So they went on, with the lame man on the blind man's back.

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

## SCENE I. — THE DUCK-YARD

*The Duck Mother*

Come now, children, and I shall take you to the duck-yard. But stay close by me, so that no one may tread upon



you ; and take care that the cat does not get you. Now, use your legs, and behave as well as you can. You must bow

your heads before that old duck in the corner. She is the finest duck in the yard. See! she has a red rag tied to her leg, and that is something to be very proud of. It is a great honor for a duck to wear a red rag, for it means that she is better than ordinary ducks. Now, bow your heads and say "Quack! Quack!" That is the way.

*The Duck with the Red Rag*

Good morning, Mother Duck! Those are beautiful children you have — all but that last one. I wish he were not so ugly. He is very big, and then he is so clumsy. What is the matter with him? Is he lame, or is he just awkward?

*The Duck Mother*

He does seem awkward, I admit, and he is very large for his age. I think he



stayed too long in the egg. But I hope he will grow up strong and be able to take care of himself.

*The Hens*

Look at that ugly duckling! Isn't he ugly? Isn't he clumsy? Turn him out of the yard! Peck him! Chase him!



*A Little Duckling*

You ugly thing!  
I wish you wouldn't come with us. I wish the cat would get you. I can't bear to look at you.

*The Ugly Duckling*

Oh, how unhappy I am! Nobody loves me because I am so ugly. I cannot live here any longer. I must run away

—away out into the world, so that no one can see me.

SCENE II.—THE LITTLE COTTAGE

*The Woman of the House*

Here is a prize, indeed. Now I can have some duck eggs.

*The Hen*

Can you lay eggs? You can't? Then be so good as to keep quiet.

*The Cat*

Can you raise your back and purr, and send out sparks? You can't? Then you have no right to speak at all.

*The Ugly Duckling*

How much I should like to go for a swim in the clear cold water! It is so delightful to have it close over one's head while one dives down to the bottom!

*The Hen*

You must be out of your senses. Ask the cat. He knows more than any one else. Ask him how he would like to swim on the water, and dive down to the bottom. Or ask our mistress, the old lady. She knows more than all the rest of the world. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head? You are talking nonsense. Why don't you learn to behave like me and the cat? Why don't you lay eggs or get up your back and purr? If I were you, I would run away and hide.

*The Ugly Duckling*

I am afraid it is no better here. Nobody has any use for me. Everybody is very unkind to me. I must go out into the world again — out into the world again.

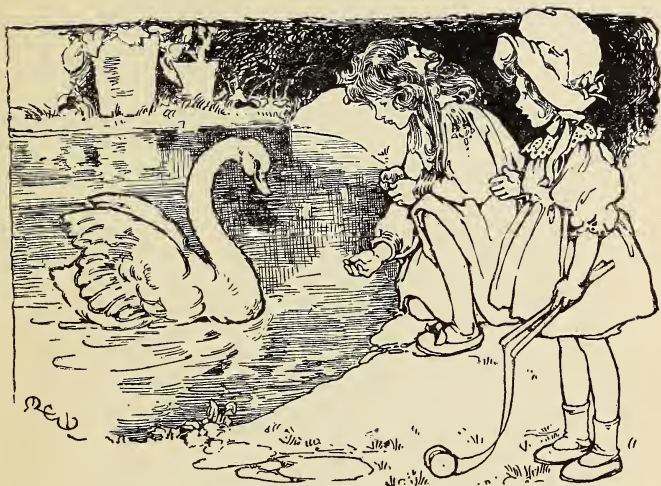
## SCENE III. — THE POND

*The Ugly Duckling*

What a long, cold winter it has been ! I do not know how I have lived through it. I remember when I was frozen in the ice. I remember, too, the day that the beautiful big birds came. How I should love to be near them all the time. Oh ! there they are again. How beautiful they are ! I shall fly to them, but they may kill me because I am so ugly. But it is better to be killed by these beautiful birds than to be scolded and pushed about by everybody.

*The Swans*

Oh, here is a new brother. Come this way, brother. You are whiter and prettier than any of us. Come and let us stroke you with our bills.

*The Children*

Here is a new swan ! Here is a new swan ! Isn't he beautiful ? See how he swims ! Look at his picture in the water. Let us get bread and cake for him. He is so young and so pretty, he must stay with us.

*The Ugly Duckling*

Just to think that I am not an ugly

duckling after all, but a beautiful white swan! My heart will break. I never dreamed while I was in the duck-yard that I could ever be so happy.

---

### LOVE

He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.





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